THE NUMB. I.

Overthrow of Proud *Holofernes*,

AND THE

Triumph of Virtuous Queen *JUDITH*.

Note, *As the Uſe of theſe* Old Songs *is very great, in reſpect that many Children who never would have learn'd to* Read, *had they not took a Delight in poring over* Fair Roſamond, Robin Hood, *&c. which has inſenſibly ſtole into them a Curioſity and Deſire of Reading other the like Stories, till they have improv'd themſelves more in a ſhort time than perhaps they would have done in ſome Tears at School: In order ſtill to make them more uſeful, I promiſe to affix an* Introduction, *in which I ſhall point out what is Fact and what is Fiction in each* Song; *which will (as may be readily ſuppos'd) give not only Children, but Perſons of more ripe Years, an Inſight into the Reality, Intent and Deſign, as well as many times the Author and Time when ſuch* Song *was made, which has not hitherto been explain'd.*

The Hiſtory of Judith *is related ſo at large in the following Song, that an Introduction would be be ſuperfluous, and her Panegyrick is a Task far above my Pen; we have Examples of Women who have ſacrificed their Lives for their Country, but I believe her the Phœnix of her Sex, the only one who had ever Courage enough to ſacrifice her Honour in ſo glorious a Cauſe; and tho' a ſtrict Obſerver of the Law of* Moſes, *ſhe rather choſe to ſubmit to an uncircumciſed Lover, than to ſee the Walls of her City raz'd, and its Inhabitants ſtarv'd or put to the Sword.*

WHEN King *Nebuchadnezar*
was puffed up with Pride,
He ſent forth many Men of War
by *Holofernes* Guide;
To plague and ſpoil the World throughout,
By fierce *Bellona*'s Rod,
That would not fear and honour him,
And acknowledge him their God.
Which when the holy *Iſraelites*
Did truly underſtand,
For to prevent his Tyranny,
They fortified their Land:
Their Towns and ſtately Cities ſtrong
They did with Victuals ſtore;
Their warlike Weapons they prepar'd
Their furious Foe to gore.
When ſtately *Holofernes* then
Had Knowledge of that Thing,
That they had thus prepar'd themſelves
For to withſtand the King;
Quoth he, What God is able now
To keep theſe Men from me?
Is there a Greater than our King,
Whom all Men fear to ſee?
Come, march with me, therefore, he ſaid,
My Captains every one;
And firſt unto *Bethulia*
With ſpeed let us be gone:
I will deſtroy each Mother's Son,
That is within the Land,
Their God ſhall not deliver them
Out of my furious Hand.
Wherefore about *Bethulia*,
That little City then,
On Foot he planted up and down,
An Hundred Thouſand Men;
Twelve thouſand more on Horſes brave,
About the Town had he:
He ſtopt their Springs and Water-pipes,
To work their Miſery.
When four and thirty Days they had
With Wars beſieged been,
The poor *Bethulians* at that Time,
So thirſty then were ſeen,
That they were like to ſtarve and die,
They were both weak and faint;
The People 'gainſt the Rulers cry,
And this was their Complaint:
Better it is for us quoth they,
To yield unto our Foe,
Than by this great and grievous Thirſt,
To be deſtroyed ſo:
O render up the Town therefore,
We are forſaken quite;
There is no Means to eſcape their Hands;
Who might eſcape their Might?
When as their grieved Rulers heard
The Clamours which they made,
Good People, be content, ſaid they,
And be no whit diſmay'd;
Yet five Days ſtay in hope of Health,
God will reward your Woe:
But if by then no Succour come,
We'll yield unto our Foe.
When *Judith*, prudent princely Dame,
Had Tydings of this Thing,
Which was *Manaſſes*'s beauteous Wife,
That ſometimes was their King,
Why tempt ye God ſo ſore, ſhe ſaid,
Before all Men this Day,
Whom mortal Men in Conſcience ought
To fear and eke obey?
If you will grant me Leave, quoth ſhe,
To paſs abroad this Night,
To *Holofernes* I will go,
For all his furious Might:
But what I there intend to do,
Enquire not now of me:
Go then in Peace, fair Dame, they ſaid,
And God be ſtill with thee.
When ſhe from them was gotten home,
Within her Palace-gate,
She called to her chiefeſt Maid,
That on her then did wait.
Bring me my beſt Attire, quoth ſhe,
And Jewels of fine Gold,
And waſh me with the fineſt Balms,
That are for Silver ſold.
The faireſt and the richeſt Robe,
That then ſhe did poſſeſs,
Upon her dainty Corpſe ſhe put,
And eke her Hair did dreſs:
With coſtly Pearls, and precious Stones,
And Ear-rings of fine Gold;
That like an Angel ſhe did ſeem,
Moſt ſweet for to behold:
A Pot of ſweet and pleaſant Oil
She took with her that time,
A Bag of Figs, and fine Wheat-flour,
A Bottle of fine Wine;
Becauſe ſhe would not eat with them,
That worſhip Gods of Stone;
And from her City thus ſhe went,
With one poor Maid alone.
Much Ground, alas, ſhe had not gone,
Out of her own City;
But that the Centinels eſpy'd
A Woman wond'rous pretty:
From whence came you, fair Maid, quoth they,
And where walk you ſo late?
From yonder Town, good Sirs, quoth ſhe,
Unto your Lord of high Eſtate.
When they did mark and view her well,
And ſaw her fair Beauty;
And therewithal her rich Array,
So gorgeous to the Eye:
They were amazed in their Minds,
So fair a Dame to ſee,
They ſet her in a Chariot then,
In Place of high Degree:
An hundred proper choſen Men,
They did appoint likewiſe,
To wait on princely *Judith* then,
Whoſe Beauty clear'd their Eyes:
And all the Soldiers running came,
To view her as ſhe went;
And thus with her they paſt along,
Unto their General's Tent.
Then came his ſtately Guard in haſte,
Fair *Judith* for to meet;
And to their high renowned Lord,
They brought this Lady ſweet:
And then before his Honour,
Upon her Knee ſhe fell,
Her Beauty bright did make him muſe,
So far ſhe did excel.
Riſe up, renowned Dame, quoth he,
The Glory of thy Kind,
And be no whit amaz'd at all,
To ſhew to me thy Mind.
When ſhe had utter'd her Intent,
Her Wit amaz'd them all,
And *Holofernes* ſtrait therewith,
By Love was brought to Thrall:
And bearing in his lofty Breaſt
The Flames of hot Deſire,
He granted every thing to her,
She did of him require:
Each Night therefore he gave her leave
To walk abroad to pray,
According to her own Requeſt,
Which ſhe had made that Day.
When ſhe in Camp had three Days been
Near *Holofernes* Tent,
His chiefeſt Friend, Lord Treaſurer,
Unto her then he ſent;
Fair Dame, quoth he, my Lord commands,
This Night your Company.
Quoth ſhe, I will not my dear Lord
In any Thing deny.
A very great and ſumptuous Feaſt
Did *Holofernes* make,
Amongſt the Lords and valiant Knights,
And all for *Judith*'s Sake:
But of their Dainties in no caſe
Would virtuous *Judith* taſte:
Yet *Holofernes* merry was,
So near him ſhe was plac'd.
And being very pleaſantly
Diſpoſed at that time,
He drunk with them abundantly
Of ſtrong delicious Wine:
So that his Strength and Memory,
So far from him was fled,
They laid him down, and *Judith* then
Was brought unto his Bed.
When all the Doors about were ſhut,
And every one was gone,
Hard by the Pillow of his Bed,
His Sword ſhe eſpy'd anon:
Then down ſhe took it preſently;
To God for Strength ſhe pray'd,
She cut his Head from Shoulders quite,
And gave it to her Maid.
The rich and golden Canopy,
That hung over his Bed,
She took the ſame with her likewiſe,
With *Holofernes* Head;
And thus thro' all the Court of Guards
She eſcaped clean away,
None did her ſtay, thinking that ſhe
Had gone forth for to pray.
When ſhe had thus eſcaped quite
The Danger of them all,
And that ſhe was come near unto
The beſieged City's Wall:
Come, open me the Gates, quoth ſhe,
Our Foe the Lord hath ſlain,
See here his Head within my Hand,
That bore ſo great a Fame.
Upon a Pole they pitcht his Head,
That all Men might it eſpy,
And o'er the City-wall forthwith,
They ſet it preſently:
Then all the Soldiers in the Town
March'd forth in rich Array,
But ſoon their Foes eſpy'd their Approach,
For 'twas at Break of Day.
Then running haſtily to call
Their General out of Bed,
They found his Lifeleſs Body there,
But clean without his Head:
When this was known, all in amaze,
They fled away each Man,
They left their Tents full rich behind,
And ſo away they ran.
Lo here, behold how God provides
For them that in him truſt,
When earthly Hopes are all in vain,
He takes us from the Duſt:
How often hath our *Judith* ſav'd
And kept us from Decay,
'Gainſt *Holofernes* and the Pope,
As may be ſeen this Day?

Northampton, Printed by *William Dicey*.